

Religious Intelligence

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

PUBLISHED BY STEPHEN COOKE, PRINTED BY NATHAN WHITING.

NO. 9.

NEW-HAVEN, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1836.

VOL. XXI.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

TERMS.—The Work is issued every Saturday in both the pamphlet and news-paper forms. The pamphlet form is paged and folded for binding; making sixteen large octavo pages, or 832 pages in a year, with an index at the close: and as hitherto, it is exclusively religious. It is suited to the wishes of those who have the past volumes, and who may wish to preserve a uniform series of the work; and also of those who, while they have other papers of secular intelligence, wish for one exclusively religious for Sabbath reading. The news-paper form contains one page of additional space, which is filled with a condensed summary of all the political and secular intelligence worth recording. It is designed especially to accommodate such families as find it inconvenient to take more than one Paper; and yet who feel an interest, as they should, in whatever concerns the Christian and Patriot. Subscribers have the privilege of taking which form they please.

To city subscribers, delivered, \$2 50,—To mail subscribers, \$2 in advance; \$2 50 if not paid in six months. Agents who are accountable for six or more copies, will be allowed one copy gratis, or a commission of ten per cent. Clergymen, Post Masters, and others to whom the paper is sent, are requested to act as Agents, to whom such commission shall be allowed, as in their judgment will be a liberal remuneration for their services.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

NEW-HAVEN, JULY 30, 1836.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

LETTER XII.

Canton of Berne:—government:—religious state:—Thun:—Lake of Thun:—Interlaken:—Lauterbrunnen:—the Staubbach.

The Canton of *Berne* is the largest and most important of the Swiss Confederacy. It extends over a tract of country for the most part mountainous, interspersed with the richest valleys, and abounding with the finest natural scenery in the world. The lower and more level portions are, in general, not remarkable for their fertility; but by industry and good management, the soil is made to yield abundant crops. The quantity of grain produced in the Canton is not, however, sufficient for the wants of the inhabitants. It embraces an extent of territory of 3662 square miles. Its population is 380,000; all but 42,900 of whom are Protestants. The others are Roman Catholics, residing, for the most part, in a territory formerly

belonging to the Bishop of *Basle*, and annexed to the Canton of *Berne* in 1815. The government was formerly a strict aristocracy; vested in a supreme Legislative Council consisting of 299 members, elected for life and by a commission of the Council itself. The executive authority was entrusted to a smaller Council of 25, appointed by the Supreme Council. The government was administered with great mildness and justice; and the Canton flourished greatly under its patronage and protection, for the people were regarded and treated rather as clients than subjects. Hence they were happy and contented. Industry and intelligence and morality prevailed among them. Agriculture and manufactures prospered, and the whole Canton presented the appearance of thrift and enterprise. In 1831, when so many of the Constitutions of the Swiss Cantons were remodelled, the Bernese also demanded an extension of privileges and liberties. To this demand the Supreme Council yielded, and the whole system of government was entirely changed. The superiority of the Burghers of the city of *Berne*, who, till now, had held, in their own hands, almost the whole power of the Canton, was destroyed; all privileges of persons and families, abolished; the debates of the Supreme Council were made public, and other popular measures adopted. In short, from an aristocracy, the Bernese government passed into a democratic republic. This revolution was attended, as was to be expected, with some opposition, and succeeded by some feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of those who saw themselves thus suddenly thrown down from their high elevation, which they had so long occupied, and reduced to a level with their former subjects; but the change was effected peaceably, without much public commotion, and the new constitution seems to work well.

The whole Canton of *Berne* acceded peaceably to the faith of the Reformation in 1518; and the creed contained in the Helvetic Confession of faith became the established religion of the State. All monastic establishments were at once suppressed, and their revenues appropriated to the support of the reformed clergy, and of the interests of religion and education generally. With the other churches of Switzerland, that of *Berne* also, during the last century, declined from its primitive purity and devotedness. The plain practical truths of the gospel were no longer exhibited in the power and with the purity of the days of the reformers. The clergy themselves, almost to a man, became opposed to every thing spiritual; and the people sank with them into a lifeless orthodoxy. The extending of the privileges of the church to all indiscriminately, without regard to character, admitting all who offered, without question, to the table of our Lord, was doubtless, here and elsewhere, a prominent cause of this decline. But the reviving influence, which had already begun to work in the corrupt churches of Western Switzerland, soon extended to this Canton. Several of the clergy of the city of *Berne* began to preach the truths of the gospel with fidelity and simplicity. A partial revival followed. A number of persons, some of aris-

toeratic families, were interested. They commenced weekly meetings for prayer and Christian conference; and ceased to join in the common profanations of the Sabbath, and in public amusements of questionable morality. The usual storm of abuse and persecution was raised, and "Methodist" and "mummer" were freely bandied about. Their private assemblies were threatened; but the government was active and vigilant in their protection. The revival spread; and in 1828 some individuals felt themselves in duty bound to separate from a church which opened its arms to all of whatever character or profession, and which had become so hostile in heart to all vital religion. The assemblies of the *pietists*, as they were called, were now more closely watched by the police, and all individuals who frequented them, were subjected to a rigid espionage. One of the clergy, even, was sent for and warned to change his preaching; not because he approved of separation, which he did not, but because his principles and preaching were supposed to lead to it. The government now became more oppressive. The persons that attended these separatist meetings, were called before the police and examined, and warned to discontinue their meetings on pain of banishment. The names of the persons who entertained these sentiments being demanded, a list of twenty-one was voluntarily handed in by the individuals themselves. Nothing was found against any of them; except simply the crime of separation from the Cantonal church. More rigorous examinations were instituted by another officer of the government, but with the same result. Nevertheless, the Executive Council issued a decree, depriving all those of the number who were citizens of Berne, of all civil rights, and both they and all the rest were banished from the Canton. Such a storm could necessarily be of but short duration; for the churches remaining speculatively pure, became more and more pervaded by the spirit which had happily broken out among them, and which was also breathed and inculcated by their own formularies. And the progress of vital religion is now steady and sure.

The history of the decline of the Swiss reformed churches, considered in reference to one of its principal causes, the prevalent custom of admitting indiscriminately to the ordinances of the gospel all who choose to present themselves, suggests at once to the mind the decline of our own churches in New England, after the "half covenant" system began to prevail. To trace the operation of this system upon the purity of the church and the interests of vital religion, as developed in the histories of these different churches, would be an exceedingly interesting and instructive undertaking. It is gratifying to know that the Swiss churches are beginning to direct their attention to the effects of this practice. Some if not all of the Dissenting churches have rejected it, and require credible evidence of change of heart as an essential qualification to admission to the privileges of church-membership. The attention of the newly reformed and revived churches has thus been drawn to the subject, and it is to be hoped that they will soon be led to see what the Bible teaches and the interests of religion require in regard to this point, and remodel their organization accordingly.

The morning after returning from *Hofwyl*, I made ready my baggage to send by the Diligence to Basle, and prepared myself for a pedestrian excursion into the *Oberland*. I cannot omit here adding my testimony to the fidelity of the Diligence establishment, and the honesty of servants in Switzerland. In the hurry of preparation, I had turned the key of my trunk without having pressed in the catch of the lock far enough to receive the bolt. It was consequently as much exposed as if there were no lock at all. The trunk, with most of the rest of my baggage, was left in the charge of the servants to be taken to the Diligence Office, and forwarded from there to Basle, a distance of 60 miles. When I arrived at Basle, ten days after, I found at the Diligence Office my trunk, carefully secured by cords, and then sealed with the Office

Seal, and its contents all safe; although money and some light valuables lay exposed to the gaze of all who might chance to look in; and a fair game for any of the light-fingered gentry. Once in the office, however, it was entirely safe; as from the time of entry, the Diligence establishment becomes responsible to the amount previously marked by the owner upon it. The transportation of goods is, in consequence of this responsibility thrown upon the carriers, for the most part regular, punctual and safe in Switzerland.

Having secured a competent guide into the *Oberland*, I set out at half past five in the morning in a public carriage for *Thun*,* distant about 18 miles. My fellow passengers, six in number besides my guide, were all Swiss, chiefly of the laboring class. The peasant women of the Canton of *Berne* wear a very singular costume. It consisted of a skirt without a waist, generally black; a strip passing up from the back of it to the neck, and there attached to a collar and shoulder-bands; and a waist and sleeves of white, which were quite full and large, attached to the under-dress and extending beneath the skirt. The head dress was a cap just resting on the back and crown of the head, from which projected a broad border of black lace, from eight to ten inches wide; stiff, and looking not unlike some representations I have seen of winged fairies. The whole set out the human figure in a manner fantastic enough to bear off the palm in a masquerade. Yet this dress was universal; and the wider the wings of the cap, the higher was the unquestioned claim to distinction and rank. I could more easily pardon this whimsical aberration of fancy, however, than another custom of my fellow-travelers. It was that of using artificial stimulants with great, not to say excessive, freedom. One of them carried his bottle of *can-de-vie*, with which he from time to time regaled himself and his companions; another made as free use of his snuff box; another of his pipe; and a fourth of her ether and sugar.

Our route lay along or near the banks of the Aar. The valley of this river has an undulating surface, a tolerably fertile soil, and is well cultivated. The villages which lay along the road were small and of no peculiar interest; except perhaps that of *Musingen*, where the brave *Erlach* fell a victim to the ungrounded suspicions of his soldiers, in the struggle against the French in 1798.

The town of *Thun* is pleasantly situated on the river Aar at the mouth of the lake of *Thun*. It offers in different places extremely rich views of the Alps, the lake, and its verdant borders. The most commanding is that from the Pavilion of *St. Jacques*, erected on an eminence half a mile from the town. From this elevation a most delightful prospect was presented to us; the range of the Alps stretching along in front, and tracing on the sky beyond their broken outlines; the lonely lake of *Thun* sweeping around to the left and below till it lost itself around the projecting hills; the Aar, gracefully winding its way through the town and then through a narrow valley, which it covered with verdure; with all the varied filling up of mountain, lake, river and valley scenery:—a scene upon which I was quite willing to dwell till the boat which was to take us across the lake, passed down into the river to receive its passengers.

At a little before 10, we took our leave of *Thun*. Our boat was a post-boat, rowed by four vigorous boatmen; and capable of carrying twenty or thirty passengers without inconvenience. The row was rich in views. The borders of the lake were beautifully diversified with groves, open fields of grain, and pasturages; hills and valleys; villages, hamlets and *chalets*. On the south western side the deep vallies of the *Simmenthal* and *Niesen*, separated from each other by a lofty range of mountains, open into that of the lake. In the same direction also the *Niesen* lifts its huge pyramid formed head more than 7000 feet above the sea; and farther to the east, to—

* Pronounced *Toon*.

wards the head of the lake, rises another range surmounted by a number of towering peaks. Occasionally over the precipices which hung over the lake, were leaping mountain torrents, forming pretty cascades.

A row of three hours and a quarter brought us to *Newhaus*, a small village near the upper extremity of the lake. Here I commenced the pedestrian part of my excursion. Mounting our knapsacks, myself and guide set off, immediately after landing from the boat, for *Interlaken*; a walk of three fourths of an hour. *Interlaken* is a small village, consisting of a neat little church and a few handsome buildings—mostly new, and in the English style. Indeed they are nearly all occupied as *pensions*, hotels or boarding houses for the accommodation of strangers, a great majority of whom are English, and, of course, whose taste has been consulted in the construction of the village. It is almost a continuation of the old town of *Unterseen* through which we passed on our way to *Interlaken*, and is situated on the *Aar*, between the lakes of *Thun* and *Brientz*. The similarity of situation has given origin to the names of both places, both signifying, “between the lakes,” the one of Latin, the other of German derivation. On an eminence near the village of *Interlaken*, was offered us a most enchanting prospect. The little valley between the lakes, watered by the winding *Aar*, was a continued scene of the richest verdure, unbroken but by the little villages that lay scattered here and there, themselves almost buried among the trees. The lakes at each extremity of the valley, and the majestic Alps on either side, formed a fit border to this soft bed of green.

At half past three, we left *Interlaken* for the valley of *Lauterbrunnen*, distant about seven miles. After walking some two or three miles through the valley of *Interlaken*, we entered that of the *Lutschinen*, so called from the roaring torrent that tumbles furiously down its bed. The transition was from the extreme of gentleness and softness to the extreme of rudeness and wildness. Two lofty ranges of mountains lined the valley, whose aspect changed every few minutes walk; sometimes of comparatively moderate ascent, sometimes perfectly precipitous;—sometimes clothed with green and variegated with firs, sometimes presenting a rugged, naked face of rock, without a sign of vegetation or even of soil; now smooth, now deeply indented. Many a torrent war pouring itself from the precipices above, while the loud impetuous *Lutschinen* was foaming down the rocks below.

At six we arrived at the hotel *Lauterbrunnen*; and having deposited our knapsacks, proceeded to the cascade of the *Staubbach*, (dust-stream,) distant about ten minutes walk. The stream falls perpendicularly over 900 feet. It of course loses a considerable part of itself in spray before it reaches the ground. By taking advantage of the wind I was able to take a position almost directly underneath the fall; not, however, without first getting wet to my shirt by the spray, which, from the force it had gained in the descent, instantly penetrated my clothes. The mass of water, which is considerable, at first breaking over the brink of the precipice in one solid column, soon became broken by the air into small bodies of foam, which, from their whiteness and apparent size and form, resembled myriads of fleeces rolled carelessly together, and connected throughout by loose portions of wool. These soon in their turn spread and divided; the central body of each meeting with less resistance from the air, descending with greater rapidity than the outer portions, thus soon lengthening out each fleece of water and foam into graceful festoons, which continued to lengthen and lengthen, till the whole became dissipated in thin spray. The view from a little distance was beautiful; from beneath, the immense height of the fall, nearly a thousand feet, the great mass of descending waters and the thundering roar of the fall, made the scene one of terror and sublimity rather than of beauty.

As we left the fall, we distinguished amid the roar of

the cataract the indistinct sounds of music, which as they became more distinct seemed to be vocal, but singularly wild and rude. They were soon found to proceed from six or eight peasants, women and girls, rudely clad, who had stationed themselves by the path that leads to the cascade, to solicit or *earn* by their musical exertions a few *batz* from the passing visitor. Never had I heard sounds so wild and thrilling. The voice was thrown from the throat and chest so deep and full and strong as to appear superhuman. I could not have believed the human organs capable of such mighty efforts. They seemed to vie with the thunder of the waterfall; and yet there was nothing strained, nothing grating, nothing discordant. I listened in amazement yet with intense pleasure, till I feared their organs must burst from the immense volume of sound they emitted. Yet they sustained their five or six different parts apparently with perfect ease, and without fatigue or exhaustion. The airs sung were excellent; simple, expressive, mountain airs, without words.

“No mermaid warbles * * *
More thrilling melodies! no cavern'd witch,
Chanting a love-spell, ever intertwined
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical!
Alas! that from the lips of abject want
And idleness in tatters mendicant
The s rain should flow—enjoyment to enthral,
And with regret and useless pity haunt
This bold, this pure, this sky-born WATERFALL.”

THE NINE COMMANDMENTS.

“Nine commandments! What does this mean? I always thought the commandments were *ten*.” There used to be that number. There were ten proclaimed by the voice of God from Mount Sinai; and ten were written by the finger of God on the tables of stone, and when the tables were renewed, there were still ten; and the Jews, the keepers of the Old Testament Scriptures, always recognized ten; and so did the primitive church, and so did all Protestants in their creeds and catechisms. But the Roman Catholics, (you know they can take liberties, for they are the true church, they are infallible. A person, and so a church, which cannot possibly make a mistake, need not be very particular about what it does,) these Christians who have their head away off at Rome, subtract one from the ten commandments; and you know if you take one from ten, only nine remain. So they have but nine commandments. Theirs is not a Decalogue, but a Nonalogue.

It is just so. When, many years ago, I first heard of it, I thought it was a slander of the Protestants. I said, “O, it cannot be that they have dared to meddle with God’s ten commandments, and leave out one. They cannot have been guilty of such impiety. Why, it is just as if some impious Israelite had gone into the holy of holies, opened the ark of the covenant, and taking out the tables of stone, had, with some instrument of iron, obliterated one of the commands which the divine finger wrote on them.” But then it struck me how improbable it was that such a story should ever have gained currency, unless there was some foundation for it. Who would ever have thought of charging Roman Catholics, with suppressing one of the commandments, unless they had done it, or something like it?

So I thought I would inquire whether it was so or not; and I did, and found it to be a fact, and no slander. I saw with my own eyes the catechisms published under the sanction of bishops and archbishops, in which one of the commandments was omitted; and the reader may see the same thing in “*The Manual of Catholic Piety*,” printed no farther off than Philadelphia. The list of the commandments runs thus:

1. I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange Gods before me.

2. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

3. Remember the Sabbath day, &c.

The reader will see that the commandment which the Catholics leave out, as being grievous to them, is the second in the series. It is the one that forbids making graven images and likenesses of any thing for worship. That is the one they don't like; and they don't like it, because they do like pictures and images in their churches. They say these things wonderfully tend to promote devotion, and so they do away that commandment of God! David says, "I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right." But he was no Catholic.

Well, having got rid of the second, they call the third second, and our fourth they number third, and so on till they come to our tenth, which, according to their numbering, is the ninth. But as they don't like the sound of "the nine commandments," since the Bible speaks of "the ten commandments" Exod. 34: 28; Deut. 4: 13, and every body has got used to the number ten, they must contrive to make out ten some how or other. And how do you think they do it? Why, they halve their ninth, and call the first part ninth, and the other tenth.

So they make out ten. In the Philadelphia Manual, corrected and approved by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, it is put down thus: "9th. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. 10th. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." You see they make two of the commandments to relate to coveting. It is not very probable the Lord did so. I reckon they were not so numbered on the tables of stone. But you see it would never do to let that second commandment stand, and it would never do to have less than ten: so they were laid under a sort of necessity to do as they have done. But, after all, it is a bad job. It is not near so ingenious as many of the devices of Popery. After all is said and done, they have but nine commandments; for every body knows that by dividing any thing you get not two wholes, but two halves; there is but one whole after the division. And so the ninth commandment is but one commandment after they have divided it. If they were to quarter it they could not make any more of it. If the Catholics are bent on dividing the last of the commandments, they should call the first half, 8½, and the second half, 9th. That is what they ought to do. That would be acting honestly, for they know they have left out one of the Lord's ten. They know that the Lord gave ten commandments, and they acknowledge only nine of them. It is a mean device to divide one of the nine, and then say they acknowledge ten. The Catholics know that the commandments, as they are in many of their catechisms, are not as they were written with the finger of God on the tables of stone. They know that one is wanting, and why it is they know. They had better take care how they do such things, for the Lord is a jealous God.

Indeed the Catholics are sorry for what they have done in this matter. It has turned out a bad speculation. This reduction of the law of God one-tenth, has led to the opening of many eyes. They would never do the like again. And as a proof of their repentance, they have restored the second commandment in many cases: they can show you a great many catechisms and books in which it is found. I had supposed that the omission existed now only in the catechisms published and used in Ireland, until I heard of the Philadelphia Manual. They had better repent thoroughly, and restore the commandment in all the publications. And I think it would not be amiss for them to confess that for once they had been fallible; that in the matter of mutilating the Decalogue, they could, and did err. If they will afford us that evidence of repentance, we will forgive them, and we will say no more about it. We know it is a sore subject with them; they don't know how to get along with it. When one asks them, "How came

you to leave out the second commandment?" if they say, "Why, we have not left it out of all our books," The other replies, "But why do you leave it out of any?" and there the conversation ends. Echo is the only respondent, and she but repeats the question, "Why?"—*Nevins.*

SKETCH OF THE RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF FAIR HAVEN.

The first revival of religion remembered, in this village, occurred in 1808; and at that date the religious history of the place may be properly commenced. It pleased God at that time to pour out his Spirit, in a remarkable manner, on a number of the churches in this vicinity; and he then remembered the little neighborhood which stood upon this river. The inhabitants here were very generally awakened. Frequent and solemn meetings were held on both sides of the river;* and from all which I have been able to learn respecting it, and especially from an examination of the records of the churches, it was a work of uncommon interest and importance. The number of conversions was very large, considering the number of inhabitants: there being at that time not more than about twenty families, (and, as most of my informants say, not more than 12 or 15) on both sides of the river. Of the subjects of that revival, living in or near *Dragon*, as the place was then called, there were added 31 to the church at East Haven, 6 to the North Church, and one to the Centre Church, in New Haven:—in all 38 from within the present limits of our society. The character of the converts is no less gratifying than the number of them. They have now been known as professors of religion, and in general it will be confessed that they have in a good degree adorned their profession. They added strength to the churches which received them; and when this church was formed, they became, with a few others, the pillars and ground work of this.

That revival produced a visible and lasting impression on the religious and moral aspect of the village.

It was during or about the time of this revival that the *weekly prayer-meeting* was commenced here, which has been continued, on Friday evenings, with few or no intervals of suspension to the present time—28 years.

Between 1808 and 1821 there were several little seasons of more than ordinary seriousness; particularly one in 1816, when about 8 or 10 of the inhabitants here professed religion.

The year 1821 was signalized by a very extensive out-pouring of the Spirit on our land. At one time it was said that more than 40 *contiguous* towns in the western half of Connecticut were under a general and powerful awakening.

The shower fell largely on this village. Meetings were held here on Sabbath afternoons and on evenings during the week; and it will never be forgotten by what numbers, and with what solemnity and interest, they were attended.

Of the subjects of this revival there were added, from this village, to the Church in East Haven 18; to Mr. Merwin's Church, New Haven, about as many; to Dr. Taylor's (Centre Church) a very few: in all about 40.

This revival also produced a marked effect on the morals of the place. It increased the number, and encouraged the hearts, and strengthened the hands of the friends of sobriety and good order here; and did much to elevate the village in the notice and esteem of the surrounding community.

The want of a convenient place for meeting was so

* On the west side at the old school house, now recently removed, and on the other, at the house of Ezra Rowe, deceased, generally, and sometimes at the dwelling houses.

sensibly felt during this season, that a plan was started, and a subscription entered into, to build a meeting house. But owing to the insufficiency of the sum subscribed; or for some other reason, the object was not accomplished. It is probably well that it was not; for the house which was then contemplated would have been smaller, and every way inferior to the beautiful house which has since been erected.

Thus far the inhabitants belonged, as to their religious, as well as civil connections, to the towns of East Haven and New Haven. We come now to their separate existence, as a society by themselves.

The Congregational Church of Fair Haven was organized June 23d, 1830. It was composed, in the first instance, of 53 members; 23 of whom were from the North Church, or Church in the United Society, New Haven, and 30 from the Church at East Haven. Eighteen more were soon after added from the North Church.

The house was dedicated the same day—June 23d, 1830. That was an important day in the history of this village. It was a day of great and solemn consequences. That day the tabernacle of God was here set up with men; and what was then done will have much to do, not only with the moral and social state of this village, to the latest times, but it will have much to do, at God's bar, with the account of every individual then and since residing here. Previously, the people had lived at a distance from the house of worship; and it was often inconvenient, or at least easily *seemed* inconvenient, for them to attend; but now the sanctuary was set up among themselves; and now to the drowsy and indifferent, and to neglecters of every sort, our Saviour's words might be repeated. "Be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you."

The cost of the house of worship erected by the society was about \$9000. It is a lovely sanctuary. May God ever honor and hallow it with his presence. May he make it dear to multitudes of worshippers by his renewing Spirit; and may it be said of this house, as of Zion, that "This and that man was born in it: the Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

It may be suitable to mention here some of the *benefactors* of the village. The plot of ground on which the Church is erected was given by Capt. Nathaniel Grannis: the burying ground by Mr. Stephen Rowe, both deceased. A handsome bible for the pulpit was given by Mr. A. H. Maltby, bookseller, New Haven. Those who had been benefactors in other ways, devoting their time and mind, and, in many instances, their money, to the public good, will not expect a record of their services here: their record is in Heaven.

The first minister of Fair Haven, (the writer of this sketch,) was ordained December 8th, 1830—*i. e.* the December following the formation of the Church.

The state of religion at that time was very low.—While the people generally were too much absorbed in their worldly pursuits, the youth especially seemed *very* thoughtless and unimpressible.

But it pleased God, in great mercy, during the winter following, to begin a work of grace among us. The first subject was a female youth. The attention gradually increased; some more were hopefully converted; many became impressed. Means were diligently used, such as were thought best adapted to this reviving state of things. After a time, (in the month of May,) it was thought expedient to have a *protracted meeting*—a measure then extensively adopted, and thought to be eminently useful. The meeting was continued four days. The immediate effect was powerful: but the revival subsided immediately and very rapidly after it was closed. And this appears to be a universal fact in the history of protracted meetings; and it constitutes an important item in the inquiry respecting the probable expediency, on the whole, and in view of all results and tendencies, of

that description of means for the promotion of religion.

Of the subjects of that revival (1831,) there were added to the church, 24 at one time, (the first it had ever received from the world,) 8 at another, and 6 at another—total 38. Judging from all the fruits of this work, its genuineness as a work of the Spirit of grace cannot be doubted.

The year 1832 constitutes a solemn and melancholy period in the history, not only of this village, but of our country and other parts of the world. It was in the year of the dreaded cholera; which swept off 50,000,000 of the human family, and took two of its victims from among ourselves.

That dreadful pestilence and scourge was the cause of wide and agitated alarm. It was a terrible sound in the ears of mortal men, and especially *wicked* men.—It turned their thoughts on death and on eternity. It made them serious; it made them melancholy; and for a time it made them practically wise. One of its most striking effects was visible at places of dissipation; which were generally forsaken. Places of noisy mirth and drinking were silent and deserted.

Seeing the people thus affected—thus seriously disposed on account of the pestilence, we thought it our duty to try to improve the dispensation to their spiritual good. We said to one another, God has some great design in this; and the prophet tells us what it is; viz:—that when his judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants will learn righteousness; and it is our duty to accommodate ourselves to this design. Accordingly meetings were held more frequently, and began to be crowded. The public fast, appointed by the government, was very generally observed; and a more solemn and impressed assembly had never been seen in the house. A series of sermons was preached, on several Sabbaths, with special reference to the awful visitation. We appointed a protracted meeting; and because the people were disposed to receive instruction, and because they *would* attend meetings of some sort, and because, from the nature of the cause which affected them, there was a strong tendency to panic and mere *excitement* without *conviction of sin*, we continued our preaching every afternoon and evening for fourteen days. These protracted services, together with the prevailing sickness, and the deaths, produced an intensity of feeling not easily described. At times the number of the professedly anxious was so great that they filled the centre of the house entirely from the pulpit back to the wall.

But as it was in the case of the ten lepers whom Jesus healed, only one of whom returned to glorify God, so alas, it was with those many anxious. A few, we trust, were converted, but the larger portion went back to their former thoughtlessness.

As the result of that awakening, 39 were added to the church. More, and perhaps *many* more, *would* have united with us; but we thought it our duty to decline receiving them, owing to the *nature* rather than the *force* of the serious impressions—their subsequent lives, in most cases, soon justified our fears.

Though we cannot doubt that the Spirit of God was in this work, and that we see much excellent fruit from it, yet it seems evident that many were more wrought on by their fears than by their consciences. "A dreadful sound was in their ears." It was during the protracted meeting, that the cholera, which before had been familiar to us only in reports and rumors, actually appeared among us.

Such, briefly has been the history of religion in this village hitherto. It may show the church how much they have to be grateful for, and how much to encourage them; and if we look at the darker shades of the pictures which might have been presented—if we consider all these mercies of God in connection with the things which have been trying to his patience—the cold neglects of too many christians, and the sins and follies which

have too much abounded here, we shall also see abundant cause for *humiliation*, as well as for gratitude.

Of the progress which has been made in the cause of temperance, and of education,—and of the general improvement of society, since the organization of the church here, no record will be made.

As it regards the *future*, it will be as full of interest as the past. That there will be such things as ordinarily occur in Providence—that there will be sicknesses, and deaths, and funerals, it needs no prophet to foretell. There will be the same struggle, as heretofore, between holiness and sin. There will be children of disobedience walking according to the course of this world, and there will be Christians to mourn over their guilt and ruin. Doubtless God will not forsake his church. Having established and continued it in so much mercy, he will not suffer his faithfulness to fail. Often, we may hope, he will pour out his Spirit and revive his work; and his power and glory will be seen in the sanctuary as in times past. Many will be awakened and converted, and many, alas, will grieve the Spirit, and sin away their day of grace. The gate will still be wide, and broad the way, that leadeth unto death, and many will go in thereat.

The subscriber concluded his ministry, and took an affectionate leave of his congregation July 10th, 1836; having continued with them about five and a half years.*

There were added to the church during his ministry,

By letter,	37
By profession,	82

Total,	119
--------	-----

The entire catalogue of the church contains 198 members. Seven are dead—eight have been dismissed to other churches—three have been excommunicated—from one the church has withdrawn its watch and care:—leaving about 180 members.

Farewell, brethren; and may the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.

JOHN MITCHELL,

First Pastor of the Congregational Church in Fair Haven, July, 1836.

We take the liberty of respectfully suggesting to the Pastors of the Churches where our paper circulates, whether they would not render an important service to the present, and especially to future generations, by preparing and publishing Histories of their Churches, after the plan of the foregoing. Much information of the origin and early history of these Churches, which may now be obtained, is being lost, as, one by one, the older members of them cease to tell of what they have seen, and of what their fathers have told them of Zion. We shall be glad to make our columns the medium of such communications: and if our Brother of Fair Haven will permit, we will refer to his "Sketch" as a model for the imitation of others.

A CATALOGUE OF SINS.

Did you ever try to make a catalogue of your sins? God has one in the book of his remembrance. Can you venture to attempt to form one for yourself? Make the trial, I entreat you, although it may bring sorrow into the heart and tears into the eyes. Take in private a blank paper. Write on the top of it the law of God: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Or draw out the Saviour's example under distinct heads.

* His reasons for resigning his charge, were the inadequacy of his support and the health of his family.

Or, add the ten commandments, and subdivide them into your duty toward God, and your duty toward your neighbor. Then, under each commandment draw two lines, one for things you have done, which, according to that law, you ought not to have done; the other, for things you have left undone, which, according to that law, you ought to have done. Then, with prayer to God for his Holy Spirit, that you may not wish to omit any sin, begin to put down a memorandum of your sins, of word, thought, and deed against that law. Would you omit the bad thought? I dare not advise it. God does not. "The thought of foolishness is sin." Prov. xxiv. 9.—God's law is spiritual, Rom. vii. 14, reaching to the spirit. The tenth commandment which forbids to covet, gives a spiritual character to all the preceding commandments. Our Lord, also, in his Sermon on the Mount, plainly declares, that an angry thought breaks the sixth commandment, and an impure desire breaks the seventh. And no wonder, for thoughts are the seeds of actions, and if the action is sinful, its root and principle must be sinful also. Bad thoughts, then, together with idle words, foolish speeches, corrupt communications, and all sinful actions, must be faithfully put down in your catalogue of sins. Though I advise this attempt, it is not because I think you can complete it. You will soon find the memory lost and overwhelmed in the effort. You will find more sins to be recorded, than you once thought could be crowded into so short a space of time. You will sigh over the sad picture of yourself. You will be obliged to give up the attempt, and to write at the foot of the list, "My iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of my head; therefore my heart faileth me." Ps. xl. 12.

Hambleton.

For the *Intelligencer*.

FORM OF SELF-DEDICATION.

I will study the Bible with sincere desire to learn the mind of my Heavenly Father; and with decided purpose to make His precepts the rule of my life.

I will, without delay, break off from whatever I believe to be sinful, and faithfully endeavor to do whatever I believe to be in accordance with the wishes of my Father in heaven.

I do thus consecrate myself,—all I have and all I am,—to God; resolving, deliberately and sincerely, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, to live, not unto myself, but unto Him who loved me and gave Himself for me.

I will continue this course to the end of my life, hoping for salvation as an unmerited gift from God through Christ.

Reader, will you adopt the foregoing form of self-dedication, and make it your own? Analyze it first, and be sure that you understand it.

I will study the Bible, not as a mere formality, nor in the indulgence of a self-righteous spirit, thinking thereby to make myself better; but I will study it that I may learn how my Heavenly Father would have me feel, and what he would have me do: just as I would study over the letter of an absent parent that I might ascertain his will.

I will, without delay, break off, not merely from some of my sins, to which I feel but little attachment, while I hold on to others; but I will now break off from *whatever* I believe to be opposed to the will of God, though it be dear to me as my right hand, or my right eye. So, also, will I faithfully endeavor to *perform whatever* I believe God would have me do; not endeavoring to satisfy Him and my own conscience, by performing some of his requirements while others are neglected. I will make it my daily, my continual inquiry, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do: and nothing which I believe He would have me do will I allow myself to neglect. It shall be

the constant purpose of my life to make the revealed will of my Father in Heaven, the rule of *all* my actions.

Knowing, moreover, the strength of my attachment to forbidden objects, and being convinced that by my own unaided endeavors I shall never gain the victory over my sinful propensities, I cast myself upon the grace of God, and depend upon the aids of His Spirit, praying that He will work in me to will and to do of His good pleasure; being resolved ever to submit to His gracious influences.

Thus do I sincerely consecrate myself to God; resolving to live no more for myself, but for Him who hath loved me, and hath given Himself for me. Thus will I faithfully and cheerfully endeavor to live till this mortal life is ended; not relying upon this attempted obedience as possessed of any merit to recommend me to God; but depending solely upon the gracious atonement of the Saviour, without which I must have suffered the just rewards of my offenses. Without this sacrifice, pardon would never have been offered me, nor the Holy Spirit have been given to incline me to accept it. My salvation, therefore, if ever I am saved, will be solely of *grace*; while a spirit of cheerful obedience to the will of God will have only prepared me to enjoy the heaven which that grace has provided.

Professing Christian, will you adopt this form of self-dedication, and make it your own? Are you willing to write it off, and keep it in your closet, and read it every day, and every day endeavor to live by it? Every child of God has this spirit: and has adopted, essentially and substantially such a form of self-consecration, and endeavors thus to live; and will you? If you feel that this is too strict, and hesitate to do it, you give fearful evidence that you are not a child of God. The children of God delight to keep His commandments; and they like to bring themselves under the influence of any motives which will incline them to obey Him.

Inquiring sinner, will *you* adopt this form of self-dedication and make it your own? You are inquiring what you shall do to be saved; and profess to be willing to do any thing which God requires you, if you can become a Christian. I will take you at your word, sinner. God requires of you as the indispensable means of your salvation, that you break off from your sins, and live to his glory. Will you do it? If you are ever saved you will have done this. You will never be pardoned and saved until you shall have adopted and acted in the spirit of this form of self-dedication. In some shape or other, but essentially like this, you must give yourself wholly up to God as his child or you will never be pardoned, and never be saved. Now will you do it? If not, delude not yourself with the idea that you desire to be a Christian. You have only a slavish fear of hell. You wish to avoid hell, but you still wish to live in sin, and live for yourself. But if you would be saved, you must break off from your sins and live for God; and now, I ask again, will you do it?

For the Intelligencer.

SPEAK EVIL OF NO MAN.

I have, in some preceding numbers, mentioned the most common ways in which this precept is violated; and have specified, also, how this evil practice is ordinarily occasioned. I wish now simply to suggest one or two considerations which should operate as motives to dissuade us from repeating the offense.

Consider, then, how slander is commonly originated. Just look at the several occasions of it which we have specified. Are they such as any virtuous and honorable man will be willing to own as the motives of his conduct? Just look at their character. The first was *envy*:—a feeling of disquietude because somebody is elevated above us:—coveting the esteem and praise which is justly bestowed upon him, and which we probably do not deserve,

and suffering such a selfish, mean spirit to lead us to endeavor to injure his good character, and bring him down from his elevation, that we, too ignoble and depraved to rise by more honorable means, may rise by his fall. Who that has any thing virtuous or noble about him, will allow himself to be influenced to a work, itself base and contemptible, by so base and contemptible a motive? Surely no one but a mean man would do it. The second occasion of this evil practice which we mentioned is still worse than the first;—a spirit of malice or revenge for some supposed injury: and, as is commonly the fact, acting under the guise of friendship, and like a very snake in the grass, meditating a blow upon his unsuspecting and unguarded object. Who will acknowledge that he is base enough to be moved by such a disposition as this? The third occasion of the same practice, though perhaps not revealing a heart of as much depravity, yet is scarcely more honorable than the preceding;—retailing scandal about others, from the want of ability to fill up the time with more profitable conversation. Who will take this sure method to proclaim at once his own weakness and want of virtuous principle? Or take the least exceptionable occasion of slander,—mere inconsideration, and though it may be some apology, no one will pretend that it is any *excuse* for his offense. Now evil speaking has its origin, generally, in some one of these ways. It can claim no better origin. And who that considers by what dishonorable and wicked and contemptible motives the evil is done, will ever allow himself to do it? Here is reason enough, in the absence of every other, to dissuade any man that has a spark of honor about him, from ever allowing himself to commit the offense.

But the thing itself is as mean and wicked and detestable as the motives which give birth to it. How unlike is it to the course which the gospel prescribes. How totally the opposite of the conduct enjoined by the precept. Do to others as ye would they should do to you. That heavenly precept contains and breathes out the very living principle of the Christian religion. It is the spirit of heaven. This spirit must be infused into us and remain with us, and be our controlling principle, or we shall never be fitted for heaven, and shall never enter there. Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle, inquires the Psalmist, who shall dwell in thy holy hill? And the Divine response to his inquiry should never be forgotten;—he that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor. But how unlike to this living spirit of the Christian religion, is the spirit and practice of slander. Who that ever allows himself in this practice, on any occasion, would wish another to do so by him? Let any one thus test the character of the act and he will see its turpitude. If he have any thing like the spirit of the Christian religion about him, he will abhor himself for ever indulging a spirit and practice so opposed to it.

Think again of the evil which the slanderer produces. It is an attack upon that, and often results in the destruction of that, which we prize more highly than any other possession this side of heaven. A good name is rather to be chose than great riches, and loving favor, than silver and gold. So the wise man judged: and his judgment has found a ready response in the feelings of the virtuous, from that day to this: and probably very few can be found so sordid and so bereft of a sense of shame, as to make a different decision. With scarce an exception men regard a good reputation as above praise, and not to be bartered for any earthly good. He who steals my *purse* steals trash, not treasure. It has been mine and now is his, and has been slave to thousands, nor shall it trouble me who next shall have it. But he who filches from me my *good name*, steals that which not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed. But it is a possession that is easily blasted. The polluting breath of the slanderer may wither it in an hour. And who shall describe the feelings of him who sees this inestimable treasure, far above

all human computation, thus rudely blasted and withered and dissipated far away beyond human recovery. Make the case your own, and then endeavor to judge.

Nor does he suffer alone. He is in a circle of relatives and friends, between whose interests and hopes there is a very close alliance. There is a common sympathy running through the whole, like what is felt among the members of the same body. The thrust which is made into his character and happiness is felt most keenly by them all.

And now let me ask in concluding, who is willing to be the author of so much evil to his fellow men? and especially to be the author of it in a way so mean and dishonorable:—by an act so base and unworthy of an inious mind; and prompted by so mean and detestable a spirit?

"CHARITY THINKETH NO EVIL."

It does not impute to another a bad motive, when his conduct may be explained on the supposition of a good one.

It is more ready to suggest good motives than bad ones to explain another's sayings or doings.

It makes the mind more prolific of good than of evil thoughts respecting others, even where you dissent, decidedly and earnestly, from them.

It prevents your suspecting that another has been guilty of this or that wrong, when you have no proof of it.

Even when you know that another has done wrong, it is active in suggesting circumstances and considerations in the way of excuse or palliation.

It does not lead you to think that another will be guilty of this and that course of conduct; but rather to hope, against reasonable fear, that he will do better.

Vt. Chronicle.

EVILS IN THE CHURCH.

Why is there not more spirituality in the church. The reason, in many cases, is perfectly obvious: it is owing to an improper spirit influencing or controlling its members.

The great Head of the church, who well knows the imperfections of his children, has given them in his own word all that is needful for doctrine, for reproof, and instruction in righteousness; and when any part of the gospel is disregarded, the effect will soon be manifest. When the eleventh commandment falls powerless upon the ears of the church, it cannot be expected that spirituality, devotion, zeal, and consecration to God, will be a characteristic of its members.

The mental powers of a professed disciple, as are those of other men, will be employed about something; and if they are not following after the things which make for peace, and things whereby one may edify another, they will be most likely to pursue a course which will produce discord and alienation of feeling. In consequence, the "lame will be turned out of the way," and that which is strong will be made weak.

When you see a member of the church watching a brother with a jealous eye, and ready to discover and tell his faults to lessen the esteem of others for him, you may be assured that he has no communion with God, and is a stranger to secret prayer: Gal. v. 25. And when you see a brother who has a restless spirit, and can never be satisfied unless all the church can think, and act, and vote, as he does, he has practically forgotten "that one is your master even Christ," and "all ye are brethren." And when you see one who is seldom found in the praying circle, or the conference-room, and, if by chance he is there, complains of a want of religious enjoyment and talent to speak, and you find the same man again punctual in his attendance when there is business to be done which presents a scene of party strife, exhibiting the tal-

ent of a lawyer, it is seriously to be feared that his religion dwells more in his head than his heart, and that he loves discord more than piety. So far as the influence of such members extends, it is of the most deteriorating character. A church composed of such members, would soon find a house divided against itself, and must expect a dreadful overthrow.

But it may be inquired, What is the antidote for such alarming evils? The answer is at hand: "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," Mark iv. 29.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

The following account taken from Mather's *Magnalia* shows that the Almighty has not left himself without a witness, even among Pagan nations.

Pummehanuit, an Indian of prime quality, on Martha's Vineyard, and his wife, had buried their first five children successively, every one within ten days of their birth, notwithstanding all their use of powows and of medicines to preserve them. They had a sixth child, (a son) born about the year 1638, which was a few years before the English settled on the Vineyard. The mother was greatly perplexed with the fear that she should lose this child like the former; and utterly despairing of any help from such means as had been formely tried with so little success, as soon as she was able, with a sorrowful heart, she took up her child and went out into the field, that she might weep out her sorrows. While she was musing on the insufficiency of all human help, she felt it powerfully suggested to her mind that there is one almighty God who is to be prayed unto, that this God had created all the things that we see—and that the God who had given being to herself, and all other people, and given her child unto her, was easily able to continue the life of her child.

Hereupon this poor pagan woman resolved, that she would seek unto this God for that mercy, and did accordingly. The issue was, that her child lived, and her faith in Him who thus answered her prayer was wonderfully strengthened, the consideration whereof caused her to dedicate this child unto the service of that God who had preserved his life, and educated him, as far as might be, to become the servant of God.

Not long after this, the English came to settle on Martha's Vineyard; and the Indians who had been present at some of the English devotions, reported that they assembled together, and that the man who spoke among them often looked upwards. This woman, from this report, presently concluded that their assemblies were for prayers, and that their prayers were unto that very God whom she had addressed for the life of her child. She was confirmed in this when the Gospel was not long after preached by Mr. Mayhew to the Indians; which gospel she readily, cheerfully, and heartily embraced. And in the confession that she made publicly at her admission into the church, she gave a relation of the preparation for the knowledge of Christ, wherewith God had in this remarkable way favored her. Her child, whose name was Japhet, became afterward an eminent minister of Christ. He was pastor to an Indian church on Martha's Vineyard; he also took much pains to carry the gospel unto other Indians on the main land, and his labors were attended with much success.

Confine your tongue, or else it will confine you.

THE STORM.

It was a balmy evening in June when an anxious and devoted wife sat before an open window which overlooked part of a beautiful bay that formed the harbor of the seaport in which she resided. Her eye had never rested on a scene more lovely. The pure blue sky without a cloud, and the calm clear water sleeping beneath it in its loveliness like the baby-boy that was pillowed on her own fair breast.

But it was not the beauty of the scene that made it so attractive to her. Hers was not the delighted gaze of one whose feelings are all absorbed in the loveliness of nature. On the contrary, her anxious eager eye told that she was not satisfied with the scene before her, though so fair; but that she was looking for an object of greater interest than any that had appeared. But not a speck was to be seen on the silvery expanse before her, and she turned away with a disappointed and a heart-sickening feeling.

Emma had looked forth many times in the day for several weeks on the same scene, sometimes fair as now, and sometimes deformed by storms, for the ship which contained her dearest treasure. Still the husband and the father came not, and her thoughts grew troubled and her heart sad, and now the tears fell fast on the dear face of her sleeping infant. But Emma was a Christian, and the sweet promise "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," came over her spirit so soothingly, and with a power so divine, that her heart at once rested on the promise of her Almighty Father, and her perturbed and anxious feelings were hushed to repose.

While she still sat at the window, her little boy of about ten years ran into the room exclaiming, "O mother! dear mother! father is coming!" "What do you mean, my child?" said Emma, turning very pale. "Why look, mother! don't you see that pilot boat? Well, the men on board of her say the ship Anne is in the offing, and will be in the harbor before morning." "O my dear boy," said Emma, tears of joy now filling her eyes, "what gratitude do we owe to our heavenly Parent! But are you sure; are you quite sure it was the vessel that contains your father?" "O yes, mother, the men said they could not be mistaken—and see one of them is coming this way now, I do believe, to tell you about it himself." It was as William had conjectured; the man soon arrived with the blessed intelligence that the vessel would undoubtedly be in the harbor before morning.

"What do you think father will say to you, little Charley," said William to his lovely little brother, as he opened his soft blue eyes and smiled upon him; "I am sure he will give you so many kisses as to make you cry, for I don't think you like to be kissed much." "Don't you believe," said he, turning to his mother, "that father will think him the finest little fellow he ever saw? I expect he will love him better than I do," added he, pressing his lips tenderly on his soft fair cheek.

The grateful mother smiled upon her precious boys while her heart was lifted in adoring thankfulness to Him who had bestowed these gifts, and was about restoring to them and to her the life of all their earthly joys.

William's exuberance of joy continued to overflow at his lips, while the mother's chastened but far more

deep, kept her silent and thoughtful, though she listened with complacency and would now and then reply to the playful remarks of her child. They were sitting in this way, when a peal of thunder long and loud rolled over their heads, and in a moment Emma and her boy were at the window. Their eyes having been directed only towards the water, they had not observed the cloud which had risen in the east and which they now perceived had nearly covered the heaven.—"God in mercy preserve thy father!" exclaimed Emma, "for I fear the storm is close at hand." "Oh! if"—she checked herself and only added, "He who has hitherto preserved him can still keep him in perfect safety," and "thou in perfect peace if thy mind is stayed on me," was whispered by the blessed Spirit. "Compassionate Father," she responded inwardly, "I will lean upon thee, I will trust thee, I will repose on thy faithfulness." Again was her spirit calmed, and the painful throbbings of her anxious heart quieted, although the storm was evidently fearfully increasing: In one short hour how had the scene before her changed. Dark and heavy clouds were driven with frightful rapidity across the heavens, and the water was lashed to foaming fury by the violence of the wind. It seemed indeed impossible that a vessel could live for a moment on the heaving billows of that stormy sea.

What a change too in the joyous feelings of William's little affectionate heart. The big tears chased each other down his sweet pale cheeks, and all his childish prattle was forgotten. "Kneel with me, my dear boy," said his mother, taking his hand, "and let us pray for your dear father's safety in this dreadful hour." The mother and child sank on their knees together, and with the eloquence of a woman, whose fears for the beloved of her heart were all awake, and with the devotion of a Christian whose trust was in the living God, she poured out her soul before Him. Such a sweet and holy calm was diffused over her spirit, and so absorbed were all her feelings in this divine exercise, that the continued railings of the relentless storm were scarcely heard, and when she arose from her knees and looked abroad, she almost expected to see the sky and the water as serene as her trusting heart. But its fury abated not, and so weak and faithless is the human heart even when it leans the most confidently on God, that her agitating forebodings in a great measure returned.

It was now nearly bed time, but poor Emma tho't not of retiring. Her unconscious baby laid to rest in its little cradle, was softly breathing and sweetly sleeping, and William, wearied with watching and weeping, sank beside him on the floor, and for a while forgot his sorrows in the profound slumbers of childhood. But not to the wife and the mother came this soothing balm. Her aching head pressed not that night the pillow of repose. How could she bear to recline on that bed where she had so often rested on the dear bosom of him who was now perhaps stretched on the rocky bed of the ocean, with the cold and stormy wave for his covering.

The long, long hours of that dreadful night were passed in walking the room or kneeling in prayer.—"O my Saviour!" would she cry, "thou hast the same Almighty power, and the same compassionate heart that thou hadst while on the earth, and by thy sovereign word thou didst then still the raging tem-

pest O listen! listen to the importunate cry of an agonized wife, and save, in mercy save the beloved of her soul! Or else say 'peace, be still,' to the tempest within my own bosom, and let me rest with all the confidence of a redeemed child on thy faithfulness and love!" Sweetly soothing to her heart were some of those moments of prayer; calmly and quietly could she stay herself on God, and praise him even with tears of gratitude that her precious husband was a Christian, and that the sea as well as the earth would yield its dead, and she again behold him clad in the vestments of immortality, and adorned with his Saviour's likeness. But O! there were moments when even prayer afforded little relief, and she, in the anguish of her spirit refused to be comforted.

The sun which has so long gazed on the fairest scenes of earth, never looked forth on a lovelier morning than that which succeeded this night of storm and tempest. The balminess of the soft air, the serenity of the blue sky, and the beauty of the bright water, were never exceeded. But when the glad rays of that glorious morning penetrated the sad chamber of Emma, she covered her face and groaned in the bitterness of her heart: for where was he in whose arms at this very hour she hoped to have been enfolded? The mother's deep agonizing groan broke the slumbers of her boy, who starting on his feet, exclaimed, "has father come?" "Oh, no! my child," answered Emma, bursting for the first time into a passionate fit of weeping, "nor will he, I fear, ever come again!"

Several weeks passed, and as nothing was heard of the ship which contained the husband of Emma, and as more than one vessel was known to have perished during the storm, the faint hopes that were entertained of her safety were entirely vanished, and Emma felt that she was indeed a widow.

On much such an evening as that which closed with the fatal storm, she was sitting at the window which overlooked the water, sad, very sad, but quiet and resigned, stricken to the dust as to her earthly hopes, but sweetly resting on Him who is the widow's God and Judge. Her eldest boy was pensively leaning his head on his mother's arm while his baby brother was using it for a play thing, and twining his tiny fingers in the silken curls which adorned it, the only joyous one of the group, for William was still sorrowful when his thoughts turned as now to his lost father.

The mother's eye, as it was sadly bent on the water rested on a group of men who were standing on its very edge, and at this moment one of them raised a spy-glass to his face. Emma, shuddering, turned hastily away, and a sick faint feeling came over her, but she almost immediately compelled herself to look again, ashamed of the selfishness which would not permit her to rejoice in the safety and happiness of others, while herself was bereaved and desolate. Some beating hearts, thought she, are waiting with tremulous joy the approach of the dear objects of their love. Shall I not rejoice with them? "Run, William, and see what vessel has arrived, for those men are watching, I am sure, the approach of one." William obeyed, though reluctantly, for his little heart was grieved whenever his eyes rested on the water. His mother watched his tardy footsteps as he approached the group, who at this moment spying him,

one of them went forward to meet him. Scarcely had they come near enough to speak, when, as though words of magical influence had been pronounced, William, who had before scarcely moved, now tossed his arms high in the air, and turning his face towards his mother's dwelling, seemed borne along by the wings of the wind. The man swiftly followed, and almost breathless they both entered at the same time the abode of Emma. "O mother! mother!" exclaimed William: "Stop, my boy," said his companion, "let me speak to your mother first," and turning to Emma, he added, "Be calm, madam, for we have glorious news, wonderful news for you; the ship Anne is close at hand!" Emma spoke not, but her heaving bosom, and wildly rolling eye frightened her boy, who running to her and throwing himself on her neck, exclaimed, "Why, I thought you would be so glad, mother, that father after all is alive and coming to us, but you don't look so at all, what is the matter, why do you look so strangely?" Emma buried her face in the bosom of her child and relieved her bursting heart by weeping aloud. Locked in each other's arms they mingled their tears and their touching thanksgivings to God for his unspeakable mercy, while the man who stood by, though quite unused to the melting mood, himself wept like an infant.

"But how is it?" exclaimed Emma, her recollections returning as her agitation partly subsided, "has the ocean given up its dead?" "No doubt," replied the man, "they were driven out to sea and have been detained at some port to repair damages."

Soon to the waiting eager eyes of the wife and child appeared that stately ship, her white sails filled by a gentle breeze, and bearing her majestically along over the soft ripple of the sparkling waves. Soon was she safely moored in the quiet harbor, and a familiar beloved form seen to step from her decks and approach the house. Soon were they folded to that heart which but an hour or two before they had thought no longer beat for them, and dear little Charley praised and an hundred times kissed by those lips they had deemed cold in death.

And oh! what sweet and blessed notes of thanksgiving and praise ascended that night from this abode of joy and love to that God who saveth all those who put their trust in him!—*Contributions of E.*

THE DESERTED LAMB.

The former venerated and worthy pastor of the First church in Cazenovia, having given me the outline of the following interesting and touching narrative, I am happy to record it in the pages of the Mothers' Journal, believing it will be read with pleasure and profit.

When the late Eld. G—— related, before the church in New Woodstock, those exercises of mind which led him to desire a union with the "household of faith," he communicated the following fact: His father and mother were both pious, but especially the latter, whose faith and lovely life were most exemplary, uniform, and consequently influential; whilst the salvation of her children occupied the attention during her waking hours, and not unfrequently during her slumbers were her thoughts occupied with the engrossing theme.

When Fld. G. was a little boy, his father brought from the field, a lamb, which had been deserted by its mother; a circumstance, I believe of rare occurrence. The little, trembling thing, was given to him, with which he was highly delighted. He paid it unremitting attention; and, as a reward for his care, it became strongly attached to him.

One day, when the lamb had become strong and playful, he invited the notice of his beloved mother to his pet, being desirous to obtain from her, that warm admiration for it, which he himself felt. "See! mother," said he, "is not my lamb a beautiful creature?"

As he watched her countenance, to gather from its expression an assent to his opinion, he observed that she appeared very thoughtful, and deeply concerned. At length, with tears she replied, "Yes, my son, he is beautiful; but O how much more beautiful and desirable is 'the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!' to whom I pray that you may look for life and salvation."

Though struck for the moment with the solemnity and tenderness of her manner, the impression was but transient. Years rolled on, and this Christian matron was, in accordance with her earnest desire, "clothed upon with her house which is from heaven." The son of her prayers and of her tears grew up to manhood, without giving an indication of penitential feeling. But as months and years rolled on, the hour of conviction arrived. Being one day employed on his farm he was unintentionally led, by a train of reflection, to think of this dear, departed mother; her piety; her many excellencies; her counsels; her prayers; her instructions; and among other events of his early life, the incident of the deserted lamb was revived, the pleasure and pride with which he showed it to his mother, her reply, and especially the manner in which it was made. Her form, the solemnity of her countenance, her gushing tears, and the impassioned exclamation, "O my son! behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world"—all, by the power of association, were revived in his mind, and he seemed like one suddenly aroused to wakefulness. But his mother's piety, and deep solicitude for his best interests, were not now the only subjects of his contemplation. His sins were marshalled in frightful order before the perceptions of his newly awakened conscience; and from their number was singled out black ingratitude, which appeared of gigantic stature. O how aggravated seemed the nature of his guilt! to have been deaf to the counsels, prayers, tears, and example, of such a mother. Alas! said he, that I did not look to the "Lamb of God" when she prayed me to do so. But O no! my pride of heart prevented me, and now it is too late, forever too late, and nothing but hell can be my portion. He continued thus, on the border of despair, for some weeks, unable to find rest for his afflicted conscience. Occasionally his mind would revert to the blessed direction, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" and at length, through great mercy, was enabled, by that faith which is the operation of the divine Spirit, to lay hold of Him, and thus experienced joy and peace in believing. Soon after, he proposed himself for church fellowship, and was joyfully received.

Had the narrative terminated here, it would have been sufficiently interesting to demand the adoring gratitude of every Christian mother, and incite her to renewed faithfulness; but it does not end here. God designed for this mother some additional rays of glory on this her "crown of rejoicing," as a reward of maternal affection and fidelity.

The moral worth of Mr. G. being known to the church, he was, soon after his union with it, chosen to be a deacon, which office he filled much to the satisfaction of his pastor and brethren. But the Lord had designed greater things for him. His mind soon became deeply impressed with a desire to direct poor straying sinners to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Shortly after the church licensed him, and he removed to the west, where he began, like a good shepherd, to look after straying lambs. Nor was his search fruitless: many he found, laid them on his shoulders, and brought them home in triumph, saying to those who could appreciate the blessing, Rejoice with me. Soon a church was form-

ed, of which he became the devoted pastor; and not long after the ordination of this minister of Christ, the Lord in an especial manner poured out his Spirit in the neighborhood, so that many more precious lambs were gathered into the Saviour's fold. After having labored about four years with great success, the chief Shepherd required his presence among these lambs who were safely protected,

Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in:

and consigned his flock on earth to the care of other hands, not one of whom, I trust, will ever be constrained to consider himself a "DESERTED LAMB."

And now, Christian mothers, this narrative is not only intended to encourage but to stimulate you. What made the influence of Mrs. G. so lasting, its results so cheering and glorious? Was it piety? It would be unpardonable scepticism, to question the piety of the tens of thousands of our mothers in Israel? Was it a consistent example? Although many painful exceptions are to be found, and deeply to be deplored, yet we can not but cherish the hope that consistent example among Christian mothers is not a rare virtue. Was it deep solicitude for the salvation of her child? What Christian mother can behold her child without earnestly desiring its salvation?—Was it in answering to fervent, secret prayer?—O what closet can not be produced as a witness of a mother's prayers and tears on behalf of her loved offspring? Was it not religious instruction, adapted to infantile capacity and wisdom in the selection of times, seasons, and occasions?—Perhaps all may not be as richly endowed as was Mrs. G., but all may aspire after that knowledge so desirable and which is now almost within the reach of every one. Besides which, no doubt, faith in the promises of Jehovah encouraged Mrs. G. to sow the seed with earnest tenderness. Her very looks were engraven on her son's heart, and though for a time obscured by worldliness, they never could be effaced.—He remembered those tears which flowed from that fountain which neither years nor occupation could dry up. Like as if one of those distant suns whose rays are so long performing their journey to our little planet should be blotted from the universe its form would be seen by us for many ages yet to come, so the fountain of this sainted mother's tears continued to flow before her child's mind, when their spring had long since dried up; and not a vestige of sorrow could be traced on the countenance irradiated with the light and glory of the Lamb who shed his blood to "take away the sin of the world."

MAD DOGS.

Our city has been somewhat excited, the past week, in regard to hydrophobia. The prevalence of this terrific disease in New York, added to the fact that several dogs had been bitten here by a dog supposed to be mad,—one of which bit several others—excited the apprehensions of our citizens in regard to their safety. The proper authorities met, promptly, on Tuesday evening, to devise some measure for removing or preventing the danger.

The same evening Rev. Mr. Hunt, who has returned to spend a short time in promoting the cause of Temperance in this city and vicinity, delivered an address in the Center Church. He chose his subject in view of the existing excitement;—and argued that if so much energy and watchfulness are properly exercised, as they surely are, in regard to the lesser evil of hydrophobia, still more energy and watchfulness ought to be exercised in regard to the greater evil of Intemperance. The number of persons ruined by Intemperance is much larger than the number bitten by mad dogs;—the terrors of Intemperance are greater than those of hydrophobia; death by delirium tremens is more dreadful than death from the bite of a rabid dog,—inasmuch as the victim of the latter may die in peace, and in hope of a better resurrection, and be

carried to the grave and buried amid the tears and regrets of his friends, and be remembered with respect by posterity,—while the victim of the former dies amid the horrors of a wounded conscience, and the forebodings of an eternity of guilt and wretchedness, and is laid in the grave unwept, unburied, and is forgotten, or remembered only with grief and loathing: If, then, it becomes the constituted guardians of the city to watch against the ravages of hydrophobia among our citizens—as it certainly does, and they are to be commended for their energy and promptness,—much more does it become them to guard our city against the inroads of Intemperance;—and a greater inconsistency can scarcely be imagined, than this watchfulness against the inroad of the one, and insensibility to the inroads and devastations of the other.

Nay what are we to think when the same authorities who make regulations to rid the city of rabid dogs, give license to sell that which inevitably leads on to all the horrors and the woes of Intemperance?

Mr. H. gave another turn to this subject. He made the supposition that while the authorities were deliberating on the subject of restraining dogs from going at large, some should urge that only the *great* dogs, the *strong* dogs, should be included in the restrictions. The lap-dogs, the puppies and the curs, they might claim, are too insignificant and weak to be dangerous. Now who does not know that the bite of a lap-dog is as fatal as the bite of a mastiff? And if the same effect, hydrophobia, follows from the bite of both, why should not the restrictions extend equally to both? And if intemperance follows equally, and with at least equal evils, from the use of wines and fermented liquors, as from ardent spirits, why should they not all be included in the pledge of the friends of Temperance? Their object is to get rid of Intemperance—not to get rid of the use of ardent spirits—or of wine—or of fermented liquors—or of cider. They wish to get rid of that common to them all, which causes intoxication—to wit, alcohol. Mr. H. endeavored to show that intemperance caused by wine and fermented liquors, is, in some respects, worse than that caused by pure spirits;—and that if a man must get drunk, he can do it with less injury upon pure spirits than upon wine and cider. Some might think that this course of reasoning would lessen the horror with which men view intemperance from ardent spirit—and would encourage them in its use. It is not so, however.—Does he encourage suicide, who should show that drowning is an easier mode of death than hanging? The man must have a strong propensity to suicide, who will drown himself because this may be an easier death than to suffocate himself with a rope. So he must have an alarming tendency to drunkenness, who will get drunk the sooner on ardent spirit, when it is shown that this is less terrific than to get drunk on cider or on wine.

The present period of excitement in regard to hydrophobia, may be a good time to test some of the common feelings and arguments, in regard to many other evils. We get accustomed to evils of long standing—they lose their horrors by continuance—they become inwrought into the structure of society, into its pleasures and its business, and we forget their real nature and tendency, and argue for their existence as if they are real blessings, and necessary for the welfare of the community. Who would argue that it is necessary for the good of society that hydrophobia should exist? Who would argue in favor of retaining it? Who would oppose efforts for its prevention? No one. Why? Because it is a great evil to which we have not got reconciled by use. It is not so interwoven with the business of men that they will plead for its existence. Let it be for the interest, and as much for the interest, of a large portion of the community, to have hydrophobia exist, as it is thought to be for their interest to have license to sell ardent spirit, and what reason is there to suppose that liberty to make gain out of the one, would not be as strongly urged, as to make gain out

of the other? If men had not, from the frequent sight, become insensible to the evils of the indiscriminate sale and use of intoxicating drinks, we see no reason why they should not revolt from them as soon as from hydrophobia. Let delirium tremens and hydrophobia break suddenly upon a community where the sale, and use, and effects of ardent spirits were never known, and if report speaks the truth, men would rush with as much dismay from the presence of the former, as from the presence of the latter. Why, then, do we plead for the one and license its ravages, when we are terror-struck at the other, and unite all our energies for its instant extinction?

Con. Obs.

Turning the Cat out of the Cabin.—In journeying from Buffalo to Albany on the canal, not long since, I was much amused at the following incident. The passengers being all seated in the cabin in the evening, the Rev. Mr. Hunt arose and addressed them as follows: "Ladies and Gentlemen, it is an interesting question how far men are at liberty to pursue their own pleasure, and to enjoy their own rights. Some men have what are called natural antipathies to certain objects. I have known a man who was very brave and courageous, yet if a Cat came into the room, so horrible and uncontrollable were his feelings, that he would jump out of the window, if he could escape in no other way. Now suppose that man was in the cabin, and paid his passage, and was compelled by duty to continue his voyage. Would any of us, who would not be made miserable, because we had a cat, have a right to torment that man by insisting on our right to keep the cat in the cabin? As many of you as think that we are not at liberty to keep the cat under such circumstances, will please to say aye. (The vote was unanimous.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, what the cat is to such a man; so is the sight of beer to me. I cannot help thinking of the muddy water, and the rats that have perished in the vats. The sight of those drinks which make the drunkard, and the breath of the drunkard, Oh! how loathsome to those who do not drink. Ladies and gentlemen, shall we turn the cat out of the cabin?"

The result was, a petition to the owners of the boats, to make them temperance boats, on the principle of total abstinence.—*Temperance Recorder.*

A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

Soon after making a public profession of faith in Christ, I looked round and asked, "What shall I do, or what means can I use for the conversion of those around me?" My parents, and a numerous family of brothers and sisters, (none of whom were professors of religion,) would often persecute—at least some of them—and would make light of the most serious and solemn subjects. After striving by various means and means for about four years to do them good, I was almost at times ready to despair of ever seeing any of them converted. Being of a feeble, sickly constitution, I was seldom from home, and much did I feel the want of encouragement and the advice of Christian friends; but alas, I had none. It was very seldom I enjoyed the privilege of hearing the voice of prayer and praise. But at a certain time I was led to ask what more can I do for the spiritual benefit of my parents, brothers and sisters, that I have not done? And almost instantly the thought struck me, "Go and subscribe for a religious newspaper. As a family they seldom receive or get evangelical instruction, and I doubt not, with the divine blessing attending the perusal of a religious paper but what weighty truths will fasten upon their minds." Accordingly, a suitable paper was subscribed for, brought into the family, and watched with care how it was received. At first it met with much disapprobation—the most spiritual part being liked the least—the revival intelligence, in their opinion, being mere excitement, delusion,

and wild-fire, &c. But mark the result. A few weeks only had elapsed before it was read with eagerness and attention, prejudice and opposition gave away, and the mouths that used to revile, now remained silent, or spoke with veneration and respect of serious subjects.

When the subscription had expired, it was as with one consent, requested that the paper should be continued. It was done and is received to the present time; and before the close of the last year, it is charitably hoped, that two of the family became the subjects of converting grace. I do not mean to say, the paper was the direct cause of their conversion; but it was a help to inform and instruct their minds in the great truths of the gospel.

For the Intelligencer.

FIRST MISSIONS TO GREENLAND.

No. III.

The king of Denmark finally became so much interested in the mission, that when the merchants relinquished the trade, he engaged to carry it on himself. Accordingly, several ships were sent out, and among them a ship of war; also materials for erecting a new colony and a fortress, together with cannon and ammunition, and a garrison of soldiers. The only effect of these movements upon the natives was to induce many of them to remove from that part of the country in which the missionaries resided, and to practice magical arts for their destruction. So true it is that the apparatus of war impeded rather than promoted, in every case, the progress of the gospel. The only arms on which the missionary of the cross can rely, are those given to him by his Saviour—faith, love and prayer.

Had Mr. Egede been ambitious of baptizing a number of heathens, he might have procured them without difficulty; for many of the Greenlanders asked him to baptize them, and when he declined it, wondered how he should doubt the sincerity of their faith and love to God. But notwithstanding their frequent professions of believing all he told them, and their liberal promises of continuing to fear and believe more, there was in most of them no appearance of any change of heart and life. Indeed, he often discovered, with sorrow, that the whole was fair hypocrisy, the effect of interest and fear; for, in his absence, these very persons treated his singing, reading, and praying, with derision and contempt; yet if they were called in question for their conduct, they again feigned the greatest devotion.

In 1730, the King of Denmark, who had uniformly shown himself interested in the success of his mission, and in the latter part of his life had greatly assisted it, died. His successor determined to abandon the trade altogether and recall the colonists.

The natives expressed great concern at the departure of the colonists, and could not comprehend the reason assigned for it, namely, that so many people cost more money than they could there earn; for they thought so rich a prince as the King of Denmark, who possessed such stores of bread and meat in his own country, might be able to maintain a far greater number of persons, or at all events, that they might have been content to live with the Greenlanders; and when it was farther alleged as a reason for the recall of the colonists, that government had heard how little the natives regarded God and his word, they complained heavily, that they had been misrepresented to his majesty, and declared how willing they were to hear and believe all that was told them. They added that they had given proof how much they honored the King, by delivering so many barrels of blubber, when it was required of them. Mr. Egede, however, soon found that no dependance could be placed on their professions, for most of those whose children he had baptized, and who had promised to remain in the neighborhood, and have them educated in the Christian faith, wandered so far abroad, that he had very little hopes of their conversion.

About that time the small pox broke out, and carried off thousands of the natives. At this critical juncture, when the natives often stabbed themselves, in despair, or plunged into the sea to put a period to their sufferings, Mr. Egede was indefatigable in his efforts to comfort and instruct the poor dying creatures. Many of the savages were sensibly touched with these acts of kindness; and among others, one who had always derided the missionaries, when he was in health, said to Mr. Egede, before his death: "Thou hast done for us what our own countrymen would not have done; for thou hast fed us when we had nothing to eat; thou hast buried our dead, who would otherwise have been devoured by the dogs, the foxes, and the ravens; thou hast instructed us in the knowledge of God, and told us of a better life to come."

In 1736, Mr. Egede finally sailed from Greenland, on account of the feeble state of his health, after having labored more than fifteen years, apparently with little or no success. The death of his wife, which took place a few months before, seems greatly to have impaired the vigor both of his mind and body. The following interesting sketch of her character is from his own pen: "All the praise and panegyric," says he, "with which I can crown her memory, fall far short of what her piety and Christian virtues justly merit. I will not expatiate on her excellencies in domestic life, nor describe what a faithful helpmate she was to me, and what a tender mother to her children. Let us suffice to say how readily she submitted to my will, as soon as she understood the resolution I had taken of forsaking my people and my country, and repairing to Greenland, in order to instruct the ignorant inhabitants in the doctrines of the Gospel; for though friends and relations vehemently importuned her, that if she had any regard for her own, her husband's or her children's welfare, she should dissuade and withstand me in a project so absurd and frantic in the eyes of the whole world; yet from love to God and me, she cordially joined with me in the undertaking, and cheerfully went from her own people, and from her father's house, not to some earthly Paradise, but to a strange, inhospitable heathen land. And it is known to many, with what patience, and even with what alacrity, she put her shoulder to the burthen, to bear her share of the labors and distresses we had to endure; nay, how often she comforted and cheered my mind when it was disheartened, and depressed by reiterated obstacles and repulses."

On Mr. Egede's return to Denmark, he had an interview with his Majesty, the consequence of which seems to have been, that the mission was prosecuted with greater vigor than ever. He himself was employed with a salary of \$100 a year, to establish a seminary of students and orphans, to whom he should teach the Greenland language, and thus furnish in future, a supply of missionaries and catechists for the country. During his latter years, he lived in retirement with his daughter, in Falster island; and at length, after an honorable and useful life, died November 5th, 1758, aged seventy-three.

Two different translations of the New Testament have been made into the Greenland language, both of which have been printed. The first was made in Denmark by Mr. Egede, the son of the first missionary. It was not approved of, however, by the missionaries who still remained among the Greenlanders. After his death, Mr. Fabricius, who had also left the country a great many years, made another translation of the New Testament into the Greenland language, which was printed at Copenhagen in 1799. His version, however, is no better than the other; it is extremely incorrect; and what, if possible, is still worse, it is not understood by the people. Besides these translations of the New Testament, the Danish missionaries have printed a hymn book, a catechism, and one or two spelling books in the Greenland language.

The Danish mission to Greenland has, in the end,

done much good. Nineteen colonies have been established, by whose aid and that of the Moravians, Paganism has been nearly banished from the country. Almost all the natives are baptized; and very few heathen are found, except in Upernavick, the northernmost establishment, Julians-Kaab, the southernmost one.

For the Intelligencer.

MISSIONARY THOUGHTS.

To be a missionary is to taste
Alike the cup of woe and happiness;
It is to know incessant care and toil,
To drain the bitter dregs from out the cup
Of human misery;—to live a life
Of pain, and to resign our dust to dust
At death, unknelt, uncoffined, and alone.
Again, it is to know the height and depth,
The length and breadth of God's abounding love;
To feel the calm the blest assurance gives,
That trials here are but the path that leads
To endless bliss above, and there to be
Thenceforth our everlasting joy and gain.
It is to feel that life's an empty show;
To learn our frailty, and to fix our hearts
Upon a brighter and enduring world.
It is to know as well the highest joy
Of mortals, as their deepest misery.

To be a missionary and to give
Up friends, and home, and all that's near and dear
On earth,—to feel a deep anxiety
So constantly,—to bear in distant lands
Privations, and to want some friendly hand
To smooth or pillow on the bed of death,
Are trying thoughts. But we who bear the name,
Must also bear the cross of Christ, and go
Where duty calls, if we would win a crown
Of glory, and be made the heirs of heaven,
And, O, to think we have our portion there,
Where troubles cease, and pleasures never end—
To think when life's hard day of toil is o'er,
That we have spent our lives for God,—to hold
With Him sweet converse on the verge of heaven.
And feel that we have done his holy will,
And that henceforth there is laid up for us
A crown of righteousness—it is, it must
Be blessed, and enough to banish all
Reluctance. Yes, 'twill blunt the pangs of death,
Although it meet us, 'mid the wintry snows
Of northern climes, or Afric's burning sands.
'Twill sweeten death; 'twill be a blissful thought,
A feeling worth ten thousand worlds like this,
To think of all our toil for Christ, and hope
To win the heavenly prize; fond, blessed hope;
And Oh! my spirit pants to go and be
That herald of the cross in pagan lands;
To be a missionary, and to die
That blessed death, and reap the rich reward
Of those who give up all for God, and make
His service all their joy. *And I will go,*
If such a sinful worm as I may dare
Presume so much. *Heaven fit me for the work.*

C. J. LE B.

For the Intelligencer.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the American Tract Society feel constrained to call the attention of its friends and supporters to its present pecuniary wants.

At the close of the Society's year, ending on the 15th of April last, the Treasury was short of meeting dues in the sum of \$2,305 03. That sum is now increased to

12,086 77, for which the Society's responsibilities have been for the time being assumed by individual members of the Committee.

While such is the deficiency of the Society's means, its plans were never so enlarged, nor the fields of promise opened before it so extensive. The circulation of the Society's *standard Evangelical Volumes** is exciting so deep an interest in our large cities and towns, and throughout the community, that the stock in the Society's Depository must be greatly increased, as well as new volumes added, to meet the demand. And besides supplying families, churches, and associations, the most urgent appeals, spread before the Society and entertained at its last anniversary, are still pressing for the supply of our *shipping, steam and canal boats*, on our maritime and internal waters, with *Libraries*, involving a probable expense of not far from \$30,000; and for which the Committee are gratified to observe that *ladies* have commenced subscriptions of *ten dollars each*, in the hope that others will do the same to the number of 3,000, and thus complete the amount. As a commencement of the distribution for seamen and boatmen, the committee have already granted libraries to the amount of \$1,000 for the ocean, and \$1,000 for our internal waters.

The claims of the *Blind* have also been presented; and the Committee have resolved to appropriate \$1,000 for printing *Pilgrim's Progress* in raised letters for their use.

There remains also but nine months of the Society's year for obtaining the sum of \$35,000, which the Society at its last anniversary resolved to attempt to raise the present year for *foreign and pagan lands*, a sum judged the least the Society could consistently attempt to raise, and which many who took part in the meeting, in view of the wide openings abroad, were anxious to increase to \$45,000 or \$50,000. Of the \$35,000, the Committee have already designated \$3,000 for Russia, in answer to the call of the Rev. Mr. BROWN, now in this country, from St. Petersburg; and the whole amount received for foreign distribution since the commencement of the Society's year is but \$3,775 12.

The Committee cannot but further invite the attention of the friends of Zion, of every name, to the duty of *personal activity in Tract and volume distribution*. These publications themselves God is greatly blessing, and the presentation of every copy gives a happy opportunity for a word of affectionate warning, or counsel, by which individual Christians may do much, through the divine blessing, for the eternal welfare of men. It is to be hoped especially, that the circulation of volumes, which are furnished at cost, will be voluntarily undertaken by Christians in every part of the country and prosecuted till all the accessible population around them shall be supplied.

The Committee would still further invite the attention of the friends of the Society to the last Annual Report, containing a mass of interesting facts and documents

* The Society's *Family Library* now consists of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*; Witherforce's *Practical View*; Edwards on the Affections, with Flavel's *Touchstone*; Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Baxter's *Saint's Rest*; Baxter's *Call*; *Dying Thoughts*, and *Life*; *Life of Brainerd*; *Life of Martyn*; *Alleine's Alarm*, with Pike's *Religion and Eternal Life*; Pike's *Persuasive to Early Piety*; Pike's *Guide to Young Disciples*; *Life of Payson*; Nevins' *Practical Thoughts and Thoughts on Popery*; and a volume on *Infidelity*, comprising the standard treatises of Soame Jenyns, Leslie, Lyttelton, Watson, and others.

The Society has also published Henry on Meekness, Flavel on Keeping the Heart, Keith's Evidence of Prophecy, a volume on Intemperance, Life of S. Pearce, Life of Kilpin, Life of Page, Mather's Essays to do Good; the Young Christian, Mother at Home, and Child at Home, by Messrs. Abbott; five choice books for the young by Mr. Gallaudett; four numbers of a series of Youth's Biography; and has several other valuable volumes now stereotyping or in progress.

bearing on each department of the Society's operations, and evidences of the superadded blessing of the Holy Spirit, which must warm and cheer every Christian heart.

The Committee feel that, to all who look for the redemption of this fallen world through the instrumentality of God's people, this Society now presents at once a most encouraging and urgent claim for their prayers, their personal efforts, and their liberal contributions, which may be directed in any channel of the Society's operations, according to the will of the donors.

By order of the Committee,

JAMES MILNOR, *Chairman.*

WILLIAM A. HALLOCK, *Cor. Sec.*

O. EASTMAN, *Vis. and Fin. Sec.*

New York, 150 Nassau-street, July 18, 1836.

INDIA.

Extract of a speech before the London Missionary Society, delivered by the Rev. Wm. Campbell, who has been 13 years a missionary in India.

I am greatly oppressed with the weight and responsibility which devolve upon me as a Christian and a missionary, in advocating the claims of idolatrous India. Long and lamentable was that land misrepresented to Britain and the Church. "That land," said they, "is hot and inhospitable; it is the land of cholera the plague, and the pestilence; it is to Europeans an Aceldama and a grave; but it is, withal, a good land. The Hindoos are sober, gentle, and industrious; meek, patient,—there is no need of missionaries there." But this delusion must be dispelled; this veil of imposture withdrawn. No; India is endeared to me by a thousand recollections. I must speak the truth, and describe her as she is, an earthly Canaan, upon whom the God of nature has lavished his bounties and his riches in a wonderful degree. I love her as the birth-place of my children; as the scene of my early ministry; as the soil where many dead souls have been raised to newness of life. I love her as the theatre of my country's arms, where oppression and tyranny quailed under the banners of justice and truth. But, alas, she is still in the valley of the shadow of death, a cage of unclean and hateful birds, the hold of every foul spirit. She is still the Tophet of Ben Hinnom, where the children pass through the fire unto Moloch; their diabolical shouts are to be heard, and fumes of abominable sacrifice infect the air: every sort of idol is there portrayed upon the walls of their chambers of imagery, where old and young unite in holding censers, and offer clouds of incense unto Baal; where the women sit weeping for Tammuz, and where millions turn their backs upon the temples of the Lord, worshipping false gods, the sun, moon, and hosts of heaven. She is not the islands of the West, ruled with a rod of iron, groaning under the weight of 70,000 slaves, and ready to sink into anarchy and ruin; but she is the mighty centre of the East, swarming with the 100 millions of enslaved freemen. I cannot flatter the government of India: the golden image has been set up there as well as in the plains of Dura, and the magistrates, collectors, and authorities, have bowed down to it. What! are there fiery furnaces? dens of lions in India? No; but there have been crucibles there to compel men to bow the knee; the sword of state has been held over the heads of refractory citizens; the offices, character, and prosperity of the most honorable men have been held in jeopardy! the frown and malediction of the great have followed the Daniels, who would not bow down to the golden image.

How can missionaries receive encouragement so long as a professedly Christian government gives patronage and support to idolatry? The Bramins are able to reply to us—Does not the Government support our temples, those priests, and dancing women, and our whole

system of worship? Are they not paid their monthly allowances out of the public revenue? Do not European gentlemen encourage these ceremonies, make presents to the idol, and often fall down and worship? Who are you that come here to question the truth of our religion? So long as European magistrates are obliged to be present at their festivals, to spread the cloth over the golden image, as the representative of the state, and European officers are obliged to present a salute to the abominable thing, and European functionaries are obliged to collect the wages of iniquity, a curse rests upon India, and an invincible barrier is set up against the Gospel of peace. A burden of uncanceled guilt lies upon Great Britain, and upon it rests the blood of the souls of the poor innocents. And is this support of idolatry to remain longer as one of the crying sins of our land? Is it to bring down upon us the displeasure of the Almighty? It was declared that the pilgrim tax should be abolished; that the connection of Government with idolatry was to cease; that Hindooism was henceforth to be left to its own endowments and resources; and that a neutrality, which ought never to be departed from, should be maintained. Why, then, are not the orders of Lord Glenelg and the directions of the Company carried out and obeyed? After much further details, and a most impressive and eloquent appeal for increased missionary force in India, more particularly of native preachers, the Rev. Gentleman sat down amidst general and enthusiastic cheering from one of the largest missionary meetings ever held in London.

Liverpool paper.

A Child in India.—At Buhapurum, in the northern Circars, in India, a child, about eight years old, who had been educated in Christianity, was ridiculed on that account, by some heathens older than himself. In reply, he repeated what he had been taught respecting God. "Show us your God!" said the heathens. "I cannot do that," answered the child, "but I can show you yours." Taking up a stone, and daubing it with some semblance of a human face, he placed it upon the ground, and pushing it towards them with his foot, "There," said he, "is such a god as you worship."

SECOND NATIONAL TEMP. CONVENTION.

The United States Temperance Union, and the members of the American Temperance Society, with such delegates as may be appointed, from all other Temperance Societies and friends of temperance throughout the United States, will meet at Saratoga Springs, on the 4th of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of uniting their counsels and efforts for the promotion of temperance throughout the world. On the 5th of August, the American Temperance Society will hold their Ninth Anniversary at the same place. The influence of the first National Convention, which was held in Philadelphia on the 24th of May, 1833, has been felt, and in a most beneficial manner through most parts of the civilized world. And it is hoped that the influence of this Convention may be still more extensive and beneficial.

All friends of temperance are invited to attend, and it is hoped all Temperance Societies will be fully represented. Editors friendly to the cause of Temperance are requested to give this an insertion.

JUSTIN EDWARDS,
Cor. Sec. Am. Temp. Society.

Colridge divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class he said resembled a sponge—which imbibes every thing, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the re-

fuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda—who casting aside all that is worthless, preserved only the pure gem.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.—What entire resignation wicked men make of themselves to their lusts! and shall not we do so, Christians, to the Lord Christ? They give up themselves without reserve to the pleasures of sin, and shall we have our reserves in the service of God? They are altogether sinners and shall we not be altogether saints? They run and faint not in the service of their lusts, and shall we faint and not run in the service of Christ? Shall they take more pains to damn their souls than we do to save ours? and make more speed to a place of vengeance than we do to a crown of righteousness?

Mead.

RELIGIOUS SUMMARY.

A fire broke out in the printing establishment of the American Bible Society, in New York, last week, which did much damage to the presses, machinery, &c., belonging to Mr. Fanshaw, the printer. His loss is estimated at \$15,000 or \$20,000. The damage to the building, and property of the Society was much less, and we understand, wholly covered by insurance. This is the third time the building has been on fire within about one year. This is believed to have originated in the furnace of the steam engine.

The Rev. Bishop Moore, of Va., held an ordination on Sunday, June 10th, in Christ church in Alexandria, when the following gentleman were admitted to the order of deacons in the Protestant Episcopal Church: L. B. Minor, John Payne, Thomas S. Savage, M. D., Francis McGuire; Alexander M. Marbury, M. D., Robert E. Northam, and Julian E. Sawyer. The first six were alumni of the Theological Seminary of Virginia. Messrs. Minor and Payne expect soon to embark for Africa, and Dr. Savage for Persia, as missionaries, under the direction of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of their church.

Yale College Commencement takes place two weeks from next Wednesday

DEAF AND DUMB.—We learn by the twentieth annual report for the Asylum for the deaf and dumb at Hartford, that the affairs of that institution are in a highly prosperous condition. The total number of pupils who have enjoyed its benefits during the year ending on the 14th ultimo, was 139; of whom 18 were supported by their friends, 15 wholly or in part by the Legislature of Maine, 17 by that of New Hampshire, 18 by that of Vermont, 40 by that of Massachusetts, 14 by that of Connecticut, 5 by that of South Carolina and 9 by that of Georgia, while 3 were exclusively indebted to the funds of the Asylum for the means of subsistence and the facilities of education. The entire number of past and present beneficiaries from that state is 55.—The present annual charge for each pupil is only \$100, though the annual expense every year exceeds 130 dollars. The balance is contributed by the Institution itself.

Mr. John S. Davenport, of New York, was ordained pastor of the Evangelical Church in Bolton, Mass., on the 14th inst.

At the recent commencement of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York, twenty-seven young men finished their course of study, preparatory to entering the ministry.

LIBERIA COLLEGE.—The Rev. Dr. Proudfit has received a letter from a lady in Franklin, (Md.) informing him that a society of young ladies in a boarding school have collected the sum of eleven hundred dollars, for the benefit of the education cause in Africa.

The commencement at Amherst College will take place on the 24th of August. The Hon. Caleb Cushing will deliver an Address before the Literary Societies of the College on the 23d of August, the day preceding commencement. And in the evening the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New York city, will deliver an Address before the Society of Religious Inquiry.

Mr. Wolf, the missionary, has left Cairo, on his mission into the interior of Africa. He was to proceed to Gondat, the capital of Abyssinia, and expected to find his way from thence to Timbuctoo. He is to attempt to reach the Cape of Good Hope from Timbuctoo, and, if he find that impossible, he is to return to Tunis or Morocco.

It is stated that several persons have recently died of Asiatic Cholera at Alexandria, Lou. This is the first instance, we believe, of the re-appearance of the disease in the United States the present season.

The King of Saxony died on the 6th of June, in the 81st year of his age.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the Directors of the Missionary Society of Connecticut, Auxiliary to the A. H. M. S. will be held at the house of John Caldwell, Esq., in this city, on Wednesday the 3d of August next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.—The Directors for the present year are the same as last year. *H. HOOKER, Sec'y.*
Hartford, July 20, 1836.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Heman Bangs, Mr. Edward Cutler, to Miss Mary E. Tuttle, all of this city.
In Hartford, on Tuesday, the 19th inst., by the Rev. George Burgess, Mr. William A. Ward, of the firm of R. B. & W. A. Ward, to Miss Ann Eliza, daughter of Solomon Porter, Esq., all of that city.

DIED.

In this city, on the 23d inst., Mr. John Hayes, aged 49 years.
In this city, on the 12th inst., Widow Lucina Welton, of Waterbury, aged 60 years.
In Stratford, on the 16th inst., Mr. John Thompson, aged 78.
In Colchester, on the 13th inst., Gen. Henry Champion, aged 86.
In Oxford, on the 15th inst., Mr. Lynus Lounsbury, aged 89. He was a Pensioner, having served four years in the Revolutionary War; he was in several hard fought battles.
At Whitsboro', N. Y., on the 9th inst., the only son of Gerrit Smith, Esq., aged 12 years.
In Atwater, Ohio, on the 4th inst., John Hutchinson, aged 68, formerly of Hudson, Ohio.
At Philadelphia, June 17th, Rt. Rev. Bishop White, aged 88.

CONTENTS—No. 9.

Tour in Switzerland	129	Evils in the church.—The In-	Missionary thoughts.—Am. Tract
The Nine Commandments	131	dian mother	Society
The Religious History of Fair Haven	132	The Storm	India.—Second National Temp.
Catalogue of sins.—Form of self-dedication	134	The deserted lamb	Convention
Speak evil of no man	135	Mad dogs	Religious Summary
		A religious paper	Marriages
		First mission to Greenland	Deaths
			142
			143
			144
			ib.
			ib.